

## CHIEF RED CLOUD DYING IN DAKOTA.

Greatest of Sioux Fighters Helpless in His Tent at Pine Ridge Agency.

ONCE OWNED LARGE RANCH.

Medicine Men of His Tribe Hold Daily "Powwows" in Vain Effort to Cure Him.

Pine Ridge Indian Agency, S. Dak., Aug. 15.—Old, decrepit, blind and penniless, Red Cloud, chief of the Sioux, lies dying in his little tent at his home, one mile from this agency. Formerly the greatest of all Indian chieftains, Red Cloud's glory has departed, and he lies, a broken reed, dependent on charity almost for his daily bread. White physicians have given up the hope of saving the old sachem's life, and state that dissolution may come at any hour, surely within a few weeks at the most. The medicine men still hold daily "powwows" over their dying chief, and make "good medicine" in his behalf.

Red Cloud, like so many of the nation's great men, was born in obscurity, and by sheer force of will, bravery and intelligence, rose, step by step, to be the chief of the greatest, most warlike and most savage tribe of American Indians. In his thirty years' war with the whites, from 1846 to 1876, Red Cloud became known as the fiercest and boldest of the Sioux leaders, and it was in those years that he gradually worked his way forward until he was recognized as the big chief of all Sioux bands and tribes.

And the old man has been a diplomat of rare ability also, and in councils and meetings has ruled his people and gained his points in a manner which many white political bosses might well envy. Never a powerful speaker, Red Cloud always employed simple, direct, and to the point language in debate, and even on the trips he has made to Washington in the interest of the Indians, Red Cloud always refrained from making set speeches. But with his counsel he instructed his mouthpieces just what to say and how to handle points under consideration. And was unto the man who ruled him.

**BURIED HIS TOMAHAWK.**  
When Red Cloud fought the whites he did so to the best of his ability. Descending like a whirlwind of death on a settlement, his hand left a gory path in its rear. But when he signed his first "peace" paper, he buried his tomahawk, and to his credit it can be said that that peace was never broken. Since that time he has lived within the terms of the contract, and for twenty-three years has lived at this (Pine Ridge) agency, a pensioner of the Government, and has done much to hold the other Indians in check during exorbitant times. Although at one time lord of all Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and parts of Iowa, Minnesota, Wyoming and Montana, old Red Cloud is penniless. When the Indians were placed on the Dakota reservation Red Cloud was given a small body of land immediately adjoining the agency in order that he might be near to assist the Government agents in preserving order. Gradually this little body of land has been sold to the Government, until it contains about ten acres of land, under no cultivation whatever. Three months ago, becoming convinced that death was near, the old chief called his children around him and divided all his property, including \$600 in cash, which the Government had just paid him on a claim for horses. But he has lingered longer than he thought.

Two weeks ago, while still able to talk, Red Cloud's mind was back to the days when he was a young man, more than half a century ago, and the old man told several of the young men of the most dangerous position he was ever in, and the one which gained for him his first title of "chief." It was a tale of one man against seven, and the seven were all killed. A well-known warrior was the armament of the ambushers. Red Cloud was armed with a Winchester. Red Cloud fell at the first fire with a bullet in the thigh, but from his place in the tall grass succeeded in killing all of his assailants.

Even followers gathered around him, and as wars broke out with the whites Red Cloud's following increased. He joined the various secret orders, passed through the fearful agony and torture of the sun dance—a ceremony which requires more fortitude than any other initiation of the world has ever known; and when, in 1890, the chief chiefs signed a peace paper, ending valuable lives to the whites, Red Cloud refused to make peace, but, instead, declared war.

**BRAVE TRUSTED HIM.**  
Immediately the fighting men of the tribes flocked to his standard, leaving the hereditary chiefs without followers. Then came the Fort Phil Kearny massacre, in which the Indians were led by Red Cloud, who displayed the greatest bravery and recklessness of the soldiers. Then it was that Red Cloud was proclaimed chief of all the Sioux tribes, which position he has held for nearly forty years.

As Red Cloud grew old he became childish, and returned to many habits of early childhood. Deserting the little old house which was erected for him by the Government, he now lives in a tent in one corner of his yard. With him lives his aged wife, Mary Red Cloud, and among those who know it is said that she is the real ruler of the Sioux; that her word is law with the old man, who has ruled the Sioux for nearly forty years.

With the passing of Red Cloud will disappear the last of the great Indian chieftains, whose names are written on every page of the history of the West.



### A Sensible Man! Knows How to Value Home and The Only McNichols!

"Talk not to me of bounding seas, Of palm-tree islands of the West, Of coral caves or dead men's graves— I'm not a Jay, nor from the West! Oh, tell me not of mountain grots, Of ferny depths where flowers sleep; Of dim dens where nature smiles, Oh, talk not thus, or I shall weep."

"For well I know it is not so— 'Tis all delusion and a snare— I do not want of shady grots, What hungry monsters do lurk there— Mosquitoes, bigger than the trigger, Or any abode you can carry. Your eyes you close to seek repose, Then they get busy as the old Harry! Then they get busy as the old Harry!"

"What possesses thus to rave and fuss About your outings through the heat? Now, to the level, it costs like the house."

"Don't waste your breath—go to McNichols! There's comfort, and to burn, my lad, Put it off and used to rest. But now I've done it, and I'm glad!"

"Deep cozy chairs and unvarnished— Bookcases where your friends are ready, Your own good table where you are able To keep them till their legs are steady. Don't talk to me of sounding seas, Of ferny depths where flowers sleep; Just settle down right here in town— You'll hawking in the heat all below!"

"Just try McNichols' little plan, And you'll see why I'm a man! Bachelor boys, and girls, too, seem to like it. They wouldn't go back—without a home for anything."

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**Special Offer.** Any of our customers can come in at any time this month, select whatever they want and buy same without cash money down. **NO CASH.**



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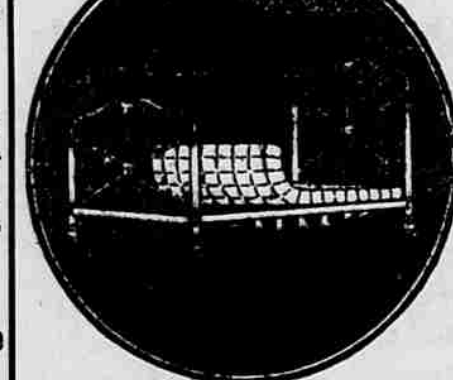
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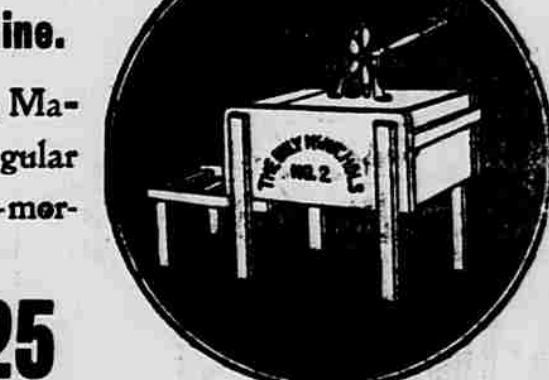
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Leader to Home and Happiness. Always Ready to Help. **1015-1022-1024 MARKET STREET.** Low, Easy Terms.



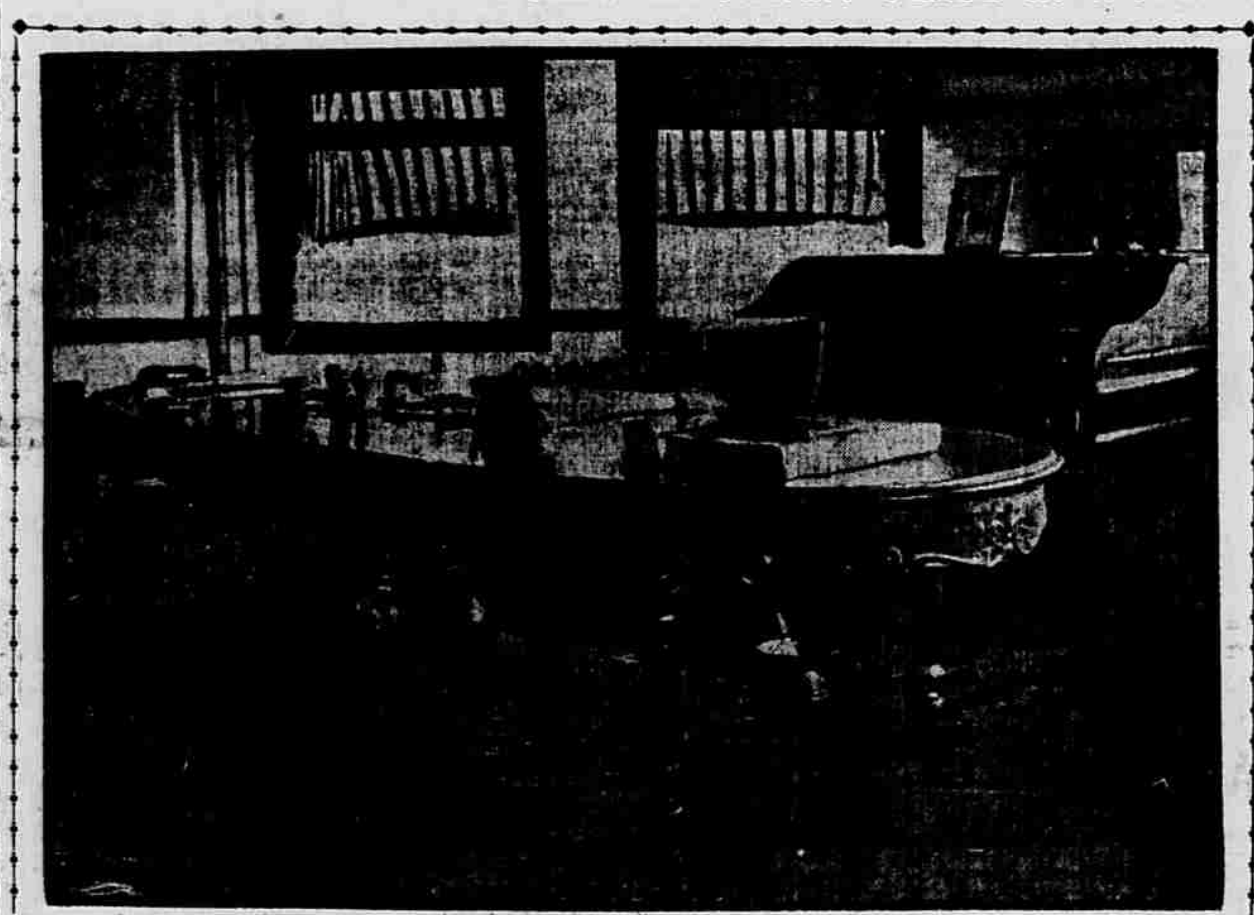
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## MAHOGANY TABLE IN RAILWAY OFFICE HOLDS IMPORTANT PLACE IN HISTORY.



Historic table in the office of C. G. Warner, vice president of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, around which railroad kings have made traffic history.

In the private office of C. G. Warner, vice president of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, is a long oval-shaped mahogany table, which deserves honorable mention in the railway history of the world.

Around its polished expanse have assembled men whose names were synonyms for brain, daring and enterprise. Plans have been formulated upon it involving the expenditure of millions, the exercise of incredible shrewdness and audacity and the risk of everything for an uncertain gain.

Such men as Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Cornelius Garrison, S. H. H. Clark and Joseph L. Stevens consulted and planned over its shining surface. Six and seven figured estimates have been made on it and agreed upon over it, arguments threatening the disruption of combined millions have been waged around it, and dinners have been served upon it, as feasts of peace to these arguments.

It has played an important part in making the old Pacific Railroad grow from a line of 23 miles to a vast system, ramifying the Southwest and threading its 4,000 miles through many States.

In the last few months of the Civil War, when the Pacific Railroad Company, the first railroad built in Missouri, was nearly completed from St. Louis to Kansas City, the table was purchased as an appropriate article for the use of the Board of Directors.

In those days it was customary for the stockholders to convene at their annual gatherings in large numbers, and the directors, after having finished their business, were served on this table and which were splendid affairs.

**VERBOSE ANNUAL REPORTS.** That the interest of the officers and directors in the welfare of their patrons was as keen then as now is shown by the reports of the presidents, which were delivered over the table in the early days.

George R. Taylor, president of the Pacific Railroad Company, in his annual address to his stockholders, made in 1860, while they were gathered around this table, said:

"The dreadful strife of war still continues to afflict our country and as yet signs of peace have not shown their welcome smiles; nor can the future be foretold. The hopes and fears of the good and patriotic citizen, and as each succeeding day comes and goes and we, in common with the whole nation, are watching the progress of this dreadful carnival of blood may cease, our nation's wounds be healed, our erring brothers reclaimed and general peace restored—when we shall know of war among ourselves no more, forever."

Considerable space was usually devoted to the preamble of the reports made by the presidents in the early days. In striking contrast to a recent report made to the stockholders by George J. Gould, which is as follows:

"To the Board of Directors and Stockholders of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company—I transmit herewith the twenty-second annual report of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company."

Over this table, at a meeting of the Board of Directors in 1863, figures were presented showing a loss of over \$100,000 in damages to the company's property by the raid made by the Confederates under the command of General Sterling Price, all of the principal bridges, the machine shops at Franklin (now Pacific), and locomotives, cars and depots having been destroyed.

Another rather naive statement submitted at this meeting of the directors is that of the chief engineer and superintendent of the road, Hugh McKissack, who said that "during the many years past no person, either passenger or employee, has been injured while on any passenger train," although it is conceded in the previous report that a man was run over and slightly injured, but recovered.

**GOULD LEASES ROAD.** Up to the close of the war the extension of the road was hampered by a state policy which would not permit a line to be built beyond its borders, but at the close of the war the railroad took a much-awaited step and established a financial agency in New York.

At these meetings, which were much more frequent than now, estimates, plans and expenditures were the chief topics. Extension was the ruling spirit.

Through all of the din of talk and the mass of statistics and figures which were being expounded, the great financier and president of the road would sit silent.

Occasionally, the great financier and president of the road would reach for a pad of paper, tear off a strip, make a calculation, then carefully fold the strip and put it in his vest pocket.

When the discussion had somewhat subsided he would give his opinion, and it would be seen that he had calculated the entire subject in his mind with the aid of the strips torn from the pad.

After the meeting he would proceed to dispose of the contents of his vest pocket and handing the strips to Mr. Warner, who was then auditor of the road, would say:

"Here, Warner, take these and see if I am right."

It was like working a puzzle to patch the strips together, but it was always found that Mr. Gould had not overlooked anything when the data, collected in this manner, was figured over.

Strangely enough this same habit of making notes on strips of paper has descended to the son of the great financier and president of the road, which his father made, makes calculations on strips of paper torn from the edge of a newspaper or anything that is handy and carefully tucks the strips away in his vest pocket for future reference.

While there is not as classical a halo about the old table in Mr. Warner's office as about the round table of King Arthur, it is safe to say that deeds of note and far-reaching magnitude were conceived over it and its part in material history is far greater.

**INDIAN IN HOME FOR AGED.** Abdul Kadir's Sufferings Had Made Him Appear Old.

**REPUBLIC SPECIAL.** New York, Aug. 15.—Abdul Kadir arrived in this country as a deck hand on board the Indramayo several weeks ago.

## JERSEYVILLE SOCIETY GIRLS WINNING FAME AS A QUARTET ON THE CONCERT STAGE.



MISS HARRIET THOMPSON. MISS HELEN PORTER. MISS JULIET BOWWELL. MISS TERESA WYCKOFF.

One of the features of the recent convention of the Jerseyville Society, held at Jerseyville, Ill., was the singing of the Twentieth Century Ladies' Quartet, who went from their home, Jerseyville, Ill., to help the knights of the grip entertain their friends at the first annual gathering.

They succeeded admirably, pleasing music lovers as well as the general assemblage of persons by descending from heavier compositions to a comedy vein, the latter effort being given so daintily as to call for the repeated encores.

Members of prominent families of Jerseyville, the quartet are ambitious to become celebrated on the concert stage, their fame as entertainers in Western and Southern Illinois having brought them engagements at Chautauquas as far west as Lincoln, Neb.

The quartet is composed of Misses Harriet Thompson, first soprano; Teresa Wyckoff, second soprano; Helen Porter, first alto; and Juliet Bowwell, second alto.

Nearly all are graduates of music conservatories. Miss Wyckoff was a pupil of the late Charles Humphreys of St. Louis. Miss Porter was graduated from the St. Louis Conservatory in St. Louis, and Miss Bowwell studied in the music department of the Jacksonville Female Academy, and also with Horace P. Dibble of this city. Each has a voice of considerable range and mellowness.

**BOYS ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF FARMER'S BEEHIVE.**

**Insects Defend Their Homes With Such Fierceness That the Lads Are Terrorized.**

Berkeley, Cal., Aug. 15.—Four small boys, all of them less than 10 years of age, tried to steal Thomas Stevenson's beehive, with results disastrous. The bees, it seems, were loaded for boys, and they weren't particular into which part of their anatomy they sunk their fangs. Now the boys' faces are swollen and raw, and what was going on, he knew the hive did not belong to the boys, so he ordered them to put it back. Putting it back was an excruciating job, but the Reverend Mr. Scudder, pastor of the Park Congregational Church, looked out of his window and saw what was going on, and he helped them by giving them sunny smacks for protection against the stings.

The boys are Daniel Alden, Eddie Alden, Joseph Real and Max Loret, all of them having homes in South Berkeley. Eddie Alden conceived the brilliant idea yesterday of eating the honey in Stevenson's beehive.

so they fixed it all up that they would go after it this morning before the bees got out of bed.

Before 7 o'clock the boys were on the scene with a single horse and wagon, prepared to grab the beehive and run off with it. But the bees were right there with the stings. The boys first tumbled the cover of the hive over with a long stick, having counted on the bees taking to flight as soon as this was done. But the miscreants tried putting the whole thing into the wagon and driving off.

By the time they got it into the wagon the horse was covered with them, and there was a great yelling and screaming. The boys kept brushing the bees off, but the horse made a break to run away.

Just at this interesting juncture the Reverend W. H. Scudder, pastor of the Park Congregational Church, looked out of his window and saw what was going on, and he helped them by giving them sunny smacks for protection against the stings.

## DYSPEPTIC PEOPLE CAN BE CURED.

If you are a sufferer from Dyspepsia you should try a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and notice the improvement in your condition. Your appetite will return, your food will taste better and you will not be bothered again with HEARTBURN, BELCHING, FLATULENCE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATED BOWELS, INACTIVE LIVER or WEAK KIDNEYS, because

## HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

positively cures such complaints. Hundreds of persons who were dyspeptic for years now enjoy robust health as a result of taking the Bitters. It will do as much for you, too. TRY A BOTTLE and see for yourself.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Gentlemen:—I can personally recommend your Bitters as being very beneficial for stomach trouble, also for restoring the appetite. **R. J. WALL.**

Brooklyn, N. Y. Gentlemen:—I have used your Bitters for indigestion and liver troubles and found it very beneficial. I highly recommend it. **W. T. FICKETT.**

**WOMEN IN NEED OF A TONIC WILL FIND THE BITTERS VERY BENEFICIAL.**

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